

"Cinderella's Daughter"

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR

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SYNOPSIS

Friends at boarding school, Virginia West and Kathleen Foster still are each other in later life. Virginia marries a poor man, and Kathleen breaks her engagement because Bill Lyons has no money. She continually reminds Virginia of her foolishness in going through with the marriage when Jimmy has no money either and Virginia has rather a hard time. Jimmy is taken ill and dies before the baby is born. Afterward she decides to work for herself and the baby rather than to accept the offer of a home from Jimmy's family. Her own talent is getting, which she has shown at school, and she obtains a chance to play a small part in one of the season's musicals. Bill Lyons has been left a legacy and is doing well, so well that Kathleen, who is in New York studying desiring, decides that it would be a good idea to get him back. He has befriended Virginia out of his regard for his dead friend, and the three are thrown more or less together. Kathleen has no money either, but she has a question in mind, does Bill Lyons still care for Kathleen? Will he go back to his first love?

VIRGINIA fought shy of Bill all during the next week. She was trying to analyze her own feelings. To understand why it was that she had felt so hurt and grieved that evening he had telephoned to her and had not come for her as he had said. She remembered the afternoon that telegram had come with news of the baby's illness. The fame that had suddenly leaped up between them and had been as suddenly extinguished, the urge she had felt in her own veins and the light in Bill's eyes. What did all this mean? What was happening to her? She had never felt this before. She had never thrilled at Jimmy's touch of her. The romance that Virginia had woven about love had been shattered as soon as she had been told that she was to have a child. Her nature had been too much of a child to know her own mind, but a certain passionate sincerity in her nature had prevented her admitting this fact even to herself. She had wanted to love Jimmy, more than anything else in the world she had wanted that, but his refusal to marry her had made her hate from that side of Virginia. Although she cared for him because he was her husband, because she had married him, his lack of consideration had preyed that deeper feeling from ever developing.

In a week's time Barbara was well enough to travel, and Virginia went down on Sunday morning and brought her back to Philadelphia in the afternoon. She left the Andersons liking them better than she ever had. She had insisted upon a visit in the near future. It was one thing to have them come to her when she might have her own way about how things were managed, when she was at the head of her menage, no matter how small, and quite another to have Jimmy's mother attempt to do everything herself. Virginia's independence had brought her closer to her mother-in-law in small ways than either of them would have believed possible. Virginia looked absurdly small and unimpressive to be the mother of a baby. She had thought Emma down with her back to the extra charge of the baby and Emma sat in honest-hearted ecstasy with small brown Barbara in her arms all the way up to town.

Emma from the beginning was the baby's slave, and it was astounding to see how quickly Barbara fitted into the scheme of things. And yet Virginia began to find that the extra charge of the baby was very taxing. She had to sleep late in the morning in order to get the proper amount of rest, and now she was always in the deepest sleep when she had to get out for her care. Barbara was anxious and eager to do everything, but Emma had the care of the apartment and the meals. It was all right to expect her to care for the baby when it was necessary for Virginia to be at the theatre, but Virginia wanted to do things for Barbara herself. She loved to put the baby in the tub to watch her splash and kick and then to dash the talcum powder over the smooth little body in generous shakings. It was fascinating to slip the fat arms into the tiny woolen shirts, to put on the stockings and wee booties and then to choose the crisp little dress from the chest where the baby's things were kept scented with lavender. The trouble lay in the fact that Virginia was trying to hold down two jobs. She was an actress, a woman whose profession is perhaps more delicate, no doubt than any other. Her slight part took a great deal out of her, and although she made a fairly good salary it was not overabundant. The apartment, in a good neighborhood, cost a great deal, and there were Emma's wages and the food, and her own wardrobe had to be kept in good condition. No, the \$80 a week was not any too much, and worrying about burning the candle at both ends began to tell upon Virginia. She used up more nervous energy than she generated, and she had to look pale and dragged out. Her eyes were dark ringed and she started at every sudden noise.

Tomorrow: What is friendship?

ASK CITY TO AID WIDOWS

City aid in the work of helping widows with dependent children is being urged by the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity. The society, according to reports submitted at a meeting yesterday, is now paying \$7000 a month to widows.

It was pointed out that other cities make liberal appropriations for widows and fatherless children. New York spends \$2,000,000 a year; Boston, \$800,000; Buffalo, \$245,000; Chicago, \$310,000; and Detroit, \$354,000.

NO FEAR OF TEACHER SENDING HER HOME BECAUSE KIL-VE IS USED ON HER HEAD. Kil-ve is a vermin destroyer. Kil-ve kills the live vermin and positively destroys the eggs or nits that cling to the hair. Kil-ve is not oily or sticky and is easily applied. Kil-ve does not interfere with the color or growth of the hair. Kil-ve is a household necessity. Don't be ashamed to use it. Sold at All Drug Stores, 35c, 65c and \$1.25.

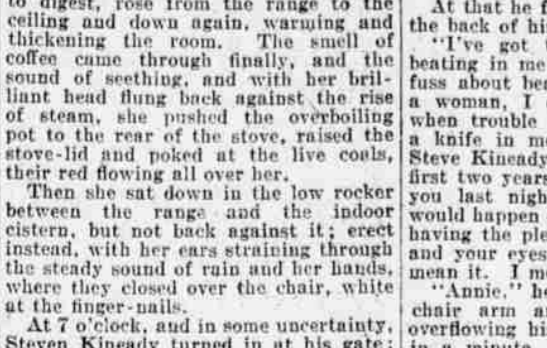
BRUNT

By FANNIE HURST

ANNE KINEADY tells Liddy, her sister-in-law, that she will leave her husband if he comes home drunk that night. Steve had stopped drinking after the birth of their baby, but now that little Steve has died, he has started in again.

CHAPTER III

IN ANNE KINEADY'S kitchen a lamp burning against a tin reflector and through a brilliantly clean chimney threw a yellow patch out into the pallid side-lit room. Anne Kineady drew that shade and placed a thick plate of thickly cut bread in the center of the spread table. She had a strong smell of the strong foods that were her own, and she was not a woman who was afraid of a strong smell. She was a woman who was not afraid of a strong smell. She was a woman who was not afraid of a strong smell.



FANNIE HURST

As that he fell to whimpering against the back of his hand, and the wateriness of his eyes, "I've got the same kind of heart beating in me that you make so much fuss about beating in you, only being a woman, I don't soak it in alcohol when trouble comes. I'd sooner stick a knife in me right here before you, Steve Kineady, than live through them first two years with you again, with your 'supper girl' talk. I'm a woman, if you want to know it, as you're a man, only being a woman the brunt is on me. I've lost my baby just the same as you've lost yours, and if the truth is known, a little bit more, seeing I love him."

At 7 o'clock, and in some uncertainty, Steve Kineady turned in at his gate; came his footsteps around to the side entrance, placed at uneven intervals, and the sound of mud sucking as the shoes withdrew.

Within her chair and in a silence that seemed to shape itself for something shameful, Anne Kineady sat as if the rivers of her blood had ceased to flow.

Yet when Steve Kineady finally flung open the door, letting in a fine gust of wind and rain, he was smiling and rubbing his hands together and shaking the spray from his six feet of great bulk. Tiny drops lay glistening on his sand-colored mustache and the shiny visor of his cap.

At the sink he even paused to remove his oilskin jacket, methodically and out of his habit, folding it, removing his high, mud-soaked boots and padding toward her in socks of her own knitting.

"Now, now, Annie, get up like a good girl, you think I'm a little bit out of my mind, don't you? You think—"

"Quit!" she said, springing back from his impending kiss. "Quit!"

"That's all right, don't you? You think—"

and moving toward her between it and the range. "Steven!" Heat and quick thawing had sent his blood rushing to his head, enhancing his dizziness and flowing up over his face.

"Supper first, girl, and then all the gassin' you want. She ran her tongue around the rim of her dry lips. "There ain't going to be no supper. 'Supper, there's a good girl. 'Tuppice,' he used to call it. 'Tuppice—da—de—"

"There—there ain't going to be no supper. He opened his eyes, regarding her through the blur of their wateriness. "You heard what I said."

"I told you last night what would happen if—if you came home this way. I—I told you. And God knows I mean it!"

"Aw, now, Annie girl, supper first and then—"

"I ain't here to be your dog! Maybe you think I am, but I ain't."

"I—I don't think—girl, I—don't."

"There ain't money enough on this earth to make me live through them first two years with you again, with your 'supper girl' talk. I'm a woman, if you want to know it, as you're a man, only being a woman the brunt is on me. I've lost my baby just the same as you've lost yours, and if the truth is known, a little bit more, seeing I love him."

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Adventures With a Purse

NOW that Christmas is a thing of the past, Dorothea's shopping trips are most exceedingly rare. But when she does go, protesting and reluctant (except when it is a matter of buying books, forsooth!) she has a way of returning triumphant with a real find. This time she was beaming contentedly over the purchase of a very dainty, hand-made and hand-embroidered waist.

"The material is so soft and good, and the handwork so fine, it certainly is more than worth the money. I can say that with authority," pronounced Dorothea, in the tone of one who knows "because I have in my day done a goodly amount of needlework, and I know fine embroidery when I see it."

Dorothea's waist was chosen from a number of different styles, ranging from \$5 to \$7.50 in price.

In these anything quite like the penetrating chill of January and February? The suit or coat that seemed so comfortable last November and December—why are they so woefully inadequate now? The breezes seem to blow right through them. But I've found the coolest cold-defying quilted silk jackets, with long sleeves, to wear under a coat that ever you saw! They're black, lined with either white or lavender silk, and they fit so snugly and are so comfortable these winter days that you wish every \$1.50 you spend would bring you as much pleasure!

Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the Editor of Woman's Page, or call Walnut 3000, for names of shops where articles mentioned in Adventures with a Purse may be purchased.

SALADA In Wonderland it was always tea-time. "Salada" makes you wish it were always tea-time. It's so rich in flavor, so restful, so refreshing—such a wonderful physical and mental stimulant. It's the perfect beverage for meal-time and at the "weary three-quarter mark" of the day—when vitality is low.



(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

WANAMAKER'S WANAMAKER'S

Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store

"The Best Assortment of Extra-Size Waists in Philadelphia"

—that's what a great many women tell us about the extra-size waists they find in the Down Stairs Store. But even better is the knowledge that these waists are right. They are made by specialists who know the proper lines, the proper trimmings and the proper styles for large women. All the comfort points, like armholes, width in the elbow, and room through the shoulders, are carefully watched.

White voile waists start at \$3.50 for a simple style and go to \$16.50 for more elaborate blouses trimmed with real flet. Pongee waists are \$5 and \$7.50. White madras waists, strictly tailored, are \$3.50; white linene, \$2.75. Tailored waists of blue-and-white or black-and-white striped outing flannel are \$2.90. Delightful blouses of Georgette crepe are \$9.75 to \$15. These waists are in sizes 46 to 54. (Market)

Who Can Count the Uses of Georgette Crepe? Men's Good, Every-day Knock-about Shoes, \$5.65. Big Boys' Shoes. Men's Winter-Weight Half Hose. Men's Underwear.

Crisp as the Wind, but Colored With Spring New Sports Hats Are Charming. A dashing little sailor of dull purple, a rather youthful, turned-up-on-one-side hat of navy with an underbrim of cream; soft hem saftors in white, pink, orchid, Copenhagen, green, etc. Severely tailored hats in tricorne or four-corner shapes; wide-brimmed hats of hemp or Milan, the former with a becoming grace and the latter straight of line; red hats and navy, brown hats and black—the sports hats are here in force, semi-tailored and delightfully frivolous, as well as severely tailored! Prices begin at \$5. (Market)

A Special Lot of Lace-Trimmed Brassieres—85c. Children's School Hosiery 35c, 3 Pair for \$1. Good, strong stockings that are suitable for either boys or girls are of black ribbed cotton in heavy and medium weights. First and second qualities at 65c a pair or 3 pair for \$1. (Central)

Wanamaker Furs Half Price. That is really all that needs to be said, for the word Wanamaker implies that the furs are of unquestioned quality and style. (Market)

These Bag Tops Are Stronger Than Most. Every Woman Should Have a Jersey Dress. Jerseys Are So Comfortable, Practical and Inexpensive. While they are of the popular imitation shell, this shell has a metal backing which gives strength and durability. The chains are also of metal. In imitation tortoise, demi-amber and various colors. \$1.50. (Art Needlework, Central)

Big, Roomy, Cover-All Aprons In Extra Sizes, \$3. Plenty of fullness and ample width are the features of these clean, fresh aprons of light percales. Some are trimmed with bands and pockets of plain pink or blue, others with a piping of black and white stripe. All are belted. Gingham House Dresses \$2.50. Of clean blue and white stripes with plain blue chambray, bordered with bias stripes, forming the collar. (Central)

Women Can Buy Good Shoes for \$4.90 in the Down Stairs Store. They're of sturdy leathers and all lace high. You can choose from tan kid-skin or dark tan and dull black leather in a number of different styles. They have medium and low heels and street soles. About 800 pair in the lot and they are in almost all sizes. Girls' Shoes, Special at \$3.25. Black dull leather and patent leather button shoes have sturdy welted soles and low heels. They are in sizes 2 1/2 to 6. Children's Tan Shoes, \$2.25. Good school shoes in button style, these shoes are to be had in sizes 8 1/2 to 2. (Central)

Crave it? Sure, the kiddies just long for it!

And it's good for them, too—every spoonful of this fresh, rich Supplee Ice Cream. For the same wholesome, nourishing qualities that you know in Supplee-Wills-Jones milk and cream are to be found in this delightfully flavored ice cream.

Sure, the kiddies crave it! It's natural, for it contains the very food-elements their growing little bodies require. And it's just as good for you, too. Serve it tonight! There's a Supplee Ice Cream dealer just around the corner. If you want to know the address of your nearest dealer, call Baring 140.

SUPPLEE ICE CREAM "Has a better flavor" Supplee-Wills-Jones Milk Co. Philadelphia Atlantic City Ocean City Chester

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